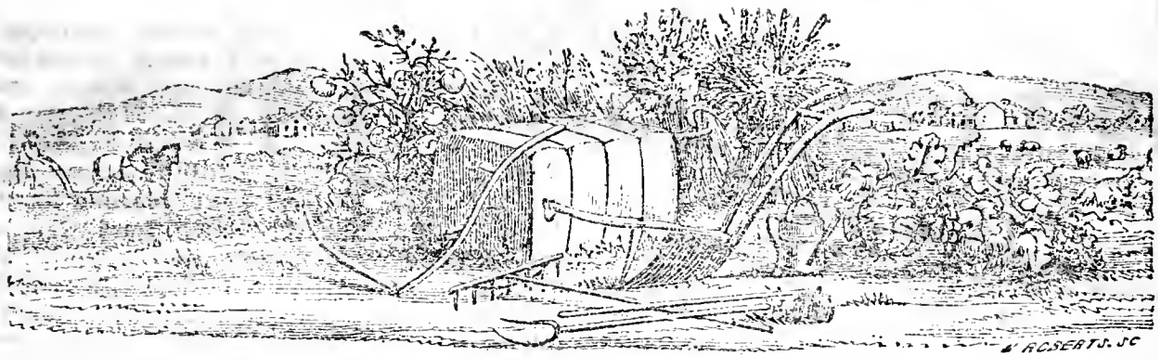

THE FARMER AND PLANTER.

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Address.

Delivered before the State Agricultural Society of South Carolina, on Tuesday, November 11th, 1856, by COL. A. P. CALHOUN, *President.*

Our meeting announces the expiration of one year since the organization of this society. What has been effected during this brief existence? What its future prospects, for promoting and developing the spirit of agricultural improvement in our State, are inquiries that deeply interest us. We have, first, established our society upon a permanent basis. Instead of depending upon ephemeral support, we have made an appeal to our State for aid, to which she nobly responded—and, although we asked but for a small amount, when we take into consideration the objects to be accomplished—yet, it is ample for the present and future operations of the society, if carefully and properly conducted. Again, this City, permanently selected for our assemblages, with a liberality worthy of her wealth and intelligence, has presented for our use buildings, and conveniences, that will enable us to point with pride to her munificence. Then, the spirited offerings of citizens all over the State in the shape of life membership, to a large amount, has made our means ample to second, foster and encourage whatever spirit the people may evince towards advancing the agricultural welfare of the State. All this looks like success, not only in the pecuniary point of view, but we believe in radically working a great change in all that pertains to agriculture throughout the State. We found our constitution made it imperative upon us to establish an organ, whenever we thought our interests required one. We felt, without some channel of communication, through which our mutual views would flow, that our agricultural interests could not be identified. Hence, as soon as we could see our way clearly, we established a press, which has already acquired a general reputation. It will embody all the proceedings of this society, and if its progress so far has been satisfactory, it will still be more so when the large materials constantly accumulating in our proceedings are spread through its columns before the people. The aggregate experience of the State, diversified by climate and production, must prove interesting and instructive. We look, then, with pride upon our press, and evoke every pen that can convey an idea useful to the cause, to be brought into requisition. What we want is accurate and tried results. Mere ambitious displays are worse than useless. Rhetorical flourishes, or writing to appease an insatiate vanity, never yet added one ear of corn or pound of bacon to the sum total of supplies. But they strike every good farmer and planter—the most practical and common sense people upon the face of the earth—with a holy horror, and well they may. To be led astray for one whole year in following the *ignis fatuus* of some fancy dealer; to waste so much precious time, when life at best is so short, in following some plausible theory, which proves a failure, is a practical defalcation of common sense, perfectly intolerable to the deceived farmer. Hence, an

aversion has sprung up in the minds of many adverse to agricultural writings and Journals. These prejudices, like shadows, will diminish as the great luminary of science ascends higher and higher. The strict analysis of soil—the exact knowledge of what peculiar plants require to develope their greatest capacity—the superior implements now used to prepare the earth, mark our period as one of vast progress in agriculture. Nature must be wooed by the talisman of science before she unlocks all her treasures, or initiates the applicant into all her mysteries. Patient toil, discriminating investigation, and careful experiment can alone qualify any mind for the task of instruction or pre-eminent success in agriculture. Mere muscle and bone in man or beast may speed the plow, but it never can advance agriculture to the dignity it is entitled to, as the most important of all pursuits. The mind must be trained to habits of careful thought—must be imbued with information embracing a wide range of science—must have the power of analyzing and making proper application of the varied materials, that such knowledge has collected. We can alone hope to elevate the cause of agriculture by appealing to every such mind engaged in it, to contribute their quota towards placing their profession in the position it should occupy before the world. By so doing, they plead the cause of humanity. In this State, over two-thirds of the free male population are engaged in agriculture—41,362 in agriculture; 13,205 in commerce, trade, manufacturing, mechanic arts and mining; in law, medicine and divinity, 1,829, out of a population of 68,549 free males. The great producing interest—those who prepare the earth to gather from it its fruits—from whose bountiful lap all other trades and professions are fed and clad—outnumbering so far in wealth and population every other occupation—should not be content until they develope intellectual results worthy of themselves and vocation. Above all, to a Southern farmer and planter, owning and directing the labor of his slaves, is it incumbent to gather all the lights that education, and all the aid to be derived from mutual experience, to place himself and calling above the vindictive prejudices of the age. Much has been done, and much more can be, to proclaim our planting interests as the best organized upon the face of the earth; the best for the master and his workmen. In almost every country, agriculture pays a mere pittance to the laborer, and as he is the base of the pyramid upon which all monopolies rest, the pressure is correspondingly great, and as the sweat of his face pours upon the soil, he feels that he is deprived, even of the bread, to reward him. Hence, a chasm separates him from the capitalist—a hatred, deep, and imperishable, rankles in his breast against the rich, and ornament the face of the land, through his labor, with palaces, lawns, and hedges, producing all the evidence of art and beauty, still, to his eye, it is but the sign of his pressure and degredation. Power alone keeps him quiet—remove it, and he rushes into revolution. Not so here. Capital and labor, one and the same, co-operate to produce indentity of interests. Injure one and the other feels it. United in sympathy, feeling and hope, our society is compact, and moves harmoniously on. We then have the most perfect organism of society on earth, and were it not for the world-wide fanaticism, it would be admitted. Stop this fanaticism, not by temporising and vain expedients, but let the crusade burst upon us, to rescue not a mock tomb, but a mock philanthropy, and the knightly spirit of old having departed from the fanatic, we will drive this cold blooded and senseless rabble back to their polluted homes, where perpetual intestine feuds may gratify their mawkish desire to experiment upon human nature. We, in any emergency, if united, remain intact, and out of the ordeal, refined of all the dross that has been mixed up in this question; we will have society great and grand beyond description—one homogenious interests extending through the whole. Every question started by demagogism in our midst, hushed—unity, concert, and strength will mark our councils. Then staples that control the commerce, and supply the absolute wants of the world, almost exclusively raised and held by ourselves, will give us the vantage position over all other sections of the earth. The position will be grander than domination by the cannon or the sword. Our mission, peace and good will—clothing the naked—feeding the hungry—administering to the comfort and luxury of the world—will at once place our section in the foremost rank for agricultural productions. Then sending these vast staples directly abroad, and bringing their exchanged values directly back, will throw immense wealth in our midst, and the enhanced value for farming and planting, will indentify still closer the interest between master and slave, and thus render our position and society an impregnable fortress against every assault. I hold that no investment in the world, except ours, could stand the daily attacks made upon it. The agitation of public opinion has swept every barrier, except slavery. One day it prostrates a throne—the next it establishes a provisional government—the next a military—then it glories in the name of President—then it idolizes an Emperor, and then—what next?—we leave to Destiny. So, too, a united public opinion here, introduced that great God-send to the South—slavery; resisted taxation, alone, to rupture from one of the most brilliant governments on earth. The same public opinion created a Republic, and by a successive play of interest and ambition, intentionally perverted powers, and has divided it into two parts, tax payer and tax receiver, making the rich section poor, and the poor division rich. To add insult to injury, it points to once lovely regions, now bathed in a delicious climate, and down the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, it asks where are your ships—where your trade? It turns to cities, prematurely old, and far apart, and asks where your improvements, where your wealth? It directs you to a whole region, much of it a waste nearly all of it showing signs of dilapidation and exhaustion, and asks where your thrift, where your skill? And in face of reason and right, outraging history and fact it shrieks out—it is the curse of slavery. To rea-

son is useless, for fanaticism is irrational, and thus a public opinion, vitiated in fount and stream, pours down upon us. A common government, with all its present bracing, is tottering to its fall, and unless we join hearts and hands in stemming torrent, we too will be swept. Intact from party and unanimity now, will more than save us; it will make us a great and wealthy people. It will save our negroes from that great misery to their race, freedom; and it will retain them in that position where, from the days of the patriarchs till now, and forevermore, they can alone be happy, without a miracle being vouchsafed to their race by Divine Providence. These considerations come legitimately before us, by the present conjuncture of affairs. Our agriculture is bound up, and so entwined by the negro, that we cannot consider it without bringing the institution prominently into view. It is a question that rises higher than governments, or all political considerations combined, with us. It comprises two-thirds of our wealth; it gives every particle of value to our lands, and all property beside. We cannot yield up this question to the politicians or divine. For its moral political or social characteristics, we alone are responsible. For one, I don't wish to divide the responsibility. We, the owners of the soil and the negro, our agriture, for better or for worse being the result, cannot separate the one from the other. We believe, and know it to be the best system on earth, not only to till the soil, but to make the negro happy. We are easy and full of hope in the future developement of our system; not only in cultivating the soil with reference to its greatest production, but in having the best fed, best clad, and happiest working class in the world. We believe, while the relation improves the negro, it brings out all the elevated points of character of the white man. Where negro slavery exists, fanaticism cannot prosper, except in individual cases, which rarely disturbs the conservatism of society. Paradoxical as it seems liberty, in full development, cannot exist without slavery. It certainly never has. We, who own the negro, may truly boast of the wisest, freest, strongest, and best form of society, both for the white and negro, that can be devised, if left to ourselves. As farmers and planters of South Carolina, we want the largest portion of our property untramled by the constant and vituperative attacks of whole communities in other sections of a common government. Breath to them, it is life to us. We must have securiety for our property, at all hazards. How can we renovate the soil, or make permanent improvements, with this question an open one? Expediency, postponement from any or every cause, the closing of this question for present or temporary advantage, fills us with alarm, and we feel and believe ruinously weakens us. It will not do to say negroes are higher than they ever have been. The gold of California and Australia has disturbed the relative value of currency and property, and labor, with everything else, has appreciated.

But I take the position, if we could place our negro property upon a permanent and firm basis in the opinion of the world, it would enhance at once, as an investment, fifty per cent, if not more. We must bear in mind that no foreign capital is invested in negroes, that their value depends upon ourselves; make the property secure, and the wealth of the world would flow steadily upon us as an investment. Then the whole face of the South would bloom in beauty and her graneries groan with plenty. Meet this question boldly, and security will be the reward—tamper with it, and perhaps extermination may be our fate. Let us then, with perfect unanimity, be aroused to the imminent peril in which our property is placed, and while we prove that there is no element of weakness amongst us, we can assert, that forbearance is no longer a virtue. I do, most conscienciously, believe that many of the best and truest men of the South feel that we have let this question already go too far, and, abiding their judgment, await the issue. The pendency effects our agriculture most disastrously. Every improvement about the homestead, farm or plantation, is virtually thrown away unless made with reference to its permanency. A building put up for temporary purposes is never improved beyond a certain point. Not having any fixed views, the orchard, the garden, the premises, are neglected. The more especially is this the case when the title is considered doubtful. Raise one doubt in the mind of the farmer and planter about the tenure by which his land or negroes are held, and, until it is settled, they practice the greatest economy to meet the threatened blow. If the fence falls to decay it is patched up; if a gate-latch is broken, it is proped with a rail; if his gears are out of order, it is tied with a piece of bark or vine; his yard grows up in weeds, and the owner barely vegetates amidst the waste. It is self evident, to bring out all the energies of human nature, the incentive must be based upon the future, and hope aroused to enthusiasm conquers every obstacle. Close this future, let even a doubt repose upon it, and every consideration is for the present to the utter neglect of what is to come. As we improve do we become attached to our homes, and no more noble sentiment can adorn human nature than attchment to localities. It is this tie that has produced the grandest exhibitions of human virtue and patriotism, and, without it, no people would have had a history—no individual achieved distiuction in defence of his country. When we view our State, how lamentably deficient are the signs of improvement and care about homestead and premises. It is true there are striking exceptions, but they only make the negligence of others more conspicuous. The mind is made up, at once, when we see houses, land, and stock, in capital condition, that the owner is vigilant, careful and intelligent, and prosperiety has rewarded him. At a glance the eye turns from the, too often, vision, that repels us, ruination, and want of care, in traversing our State; and we know, if there is wealth, there can be no comfort. A due pride and a proper self-esteem are essential to success, or to attain anything beyond mediocrity. It is useless to attempt improvement in one particular without carry-

ing it in to every detail. A planter who wishes to improve his stock and liberally expends at large amount in furtherance of his designs, if he carries them to exposed fields, bad pastures, and during the winter keeps them houseless and supports life upon dry, unnutritious food, cannot expect remuneration for his outlay. If his plows are ill-constructed, his horses badly attended to, and worse fed; his wagons weak; his dairy neglected; his houses dark, dingy, and badly arranged, where is the spirit of improvement to begin? The occupant of such a home has no use for agricultural societies or papers, and there he will remain saddening the heart of every lover of his State, of every well-wisher of humanity. It is, indeed, the great law of our race to labor for all who obtain. but it is also a cheering aspect to know that work, directed by intelligence, is the lever and fulcrum to avoid the dead lifts of ignorance. Strong practical good sense frequently arrives at just and proper conclusion without knowing how the results are derived. Science gives a reason, and explains the steps by which the ends are obtained. So far as observation and consulted, there are many minds particular and observant, who make most important discoveries in unravelling the secrets of nature. But it is. at best groping in the dark and stumbling by accident upon the right apartment. Pour in the light of science, and information upon such minds and natures, and they become the trusted leaders in advancing the cause of agriculture. This alone can be done by education. It is a great mistake in the heads of families, upon farms and plantations, to select those they consider the most promising minds among their offspring for what common parlance denominates the learned professions, and all intended for agriculture to stop with the mere rudiments of education. The distinction thus made lasts through life, and is felt permanently over the face of society. The professional mind, constantly exercised in its vocation, expands with the duration of life, and practised in all the forms of bnsiness it takes the lead, as it deserves, whenever or wherever it is placed. With races, communities, or individuals, it is an inexorable law that inferior intelligence must yield to superior. The natural result is, that great intellectual development is observed in the professional mind, and it is rare that and intllect devoted to planting makes it impress upon society. Now in the South there is no excuse for this discrepancy. The laboring class, to a great extent, is the negro. The owner as a general rule can afford to educate his children well, and they in after life, by zealous and ambitious rivalry in all that pertains to agricultural advancement, can stimula te their intellect to constant expansion and improvemnnt. The senseless remark, never mind Greek or Latin—they are dead languages. Chemistry, Geology, or Mathematics, they are of no use; he is only going to be a planter, and the expense is too great to educate him any more. Yes, poor scion, whose only training is reading, writing and arithmetic, the price paid for the last negro purchased, would have initiated you into pleasures that never die; would have raised your intellect perhaps to position and usefulness. But the defiency perchance leaves a cynical ignorance, that snarls at profiency in others—strikes at seats of learning that send perennial streams of education throughout the State, and the sordid recipient of wealth himself, which he only makes to add more to his useless store, he will tell you, those bright repositories of learning, whose training of the immortal mind, diffuses its effulgence over the land—kindling many a noble spirit to efforts of usefulness and distinction—are intended for the rich, and he, God save the mark, he is too poor to indulge in such expensive luxuries. And yet for mere physical pleasures, he is yearly spending hundreds more than would make his children, if well educated, useful, and perhaps lofty members of society. While I condem no man for advancing his pecuniary fortune; yet, as he advances his material interest, as members of a common society, we all feel, without mutal efforts, the region we are in cannot advance. He who has children to educate and neglects it—a homestead languishing for attention, and means ample to acomplish both, is, in precept and example an injury to his race, and a blot upon society. I hold, no matter how little one does of usefulness, it is felt, no matter how narrow the circle may be—and as he extends, the sphere expands indefinitely. We want all to be up and doing—not in vain bickering snd jelously, upon which so much of human energy is expended—but in open, sincere, and manly efforts to improve our native land. Energy! Energy! is the secret of all success. It moves every spring in the wheel of society; combine it with intelligence and refinement, and it makes the barren field rich; it tears down the feeble structure of indolence, and replaces them with the solid and tasteful improvements of art and skill. It discards the shabby tools, add slovenly implements, and substitutes them with well-constructed and keen-edged instruments. It houses, in comfortable winter quarters the lowing herds, and is ever ottentive to the wants and demanks of man aud beast. It develops to the utmost the physical nature of the negro by good clothes; good and plenty of nutritions food; and diminishes by prudent foresight and sagacious direction the routine of work. In short it exercises a supervision from the highest to the smallest object of interest. It is exact, penetrating, and thorough, ever watchful to apply every suggestive idea, prudently and cautiously to advance its present efficiency; open to conviction, and always ready to discard an error at the cost of pride of opinion. Its progress is enward, surmounting obstacles that seemed huge at first, but trifles when conquered. It places man in his true heroic position, subsidising all the difficulties of life, and converting them to his use and pleasure. To say, we of the South are enervated by climate is to repudiate history. Avoiding the bright examples of heroism, virtue and fame, achieved by Southern nations, their monuments lasting to to our day, tempting as it is, we shall confine ourself to the stern, pratical truths of life, and ask, who exhibits greater energy than the southern man, is reducing to cultivation, drainining, em-

banking, and even controling the great father of waters, who in turbid grandeur drains half a continent. No partial government aids him with men and money. No joint stock association relieving the honest pockets of unsuspecting capitalists, assists him. The owner and the slave, one directing the other executing, has cleared the valleys of the west of their immense growth —reduced their fertile, but waste plains, to an abundance and exuberance of production, that measured by our standard, seems miraculous.

It is true these evidences of Southern energy have passed us, but an inviting field is left open for those who remain. If we enter with zeal, our success will call Te Deums upon us by posterity. The very reason that emigration has swept our men and capital from us, is, that it is considered easier to clear fresh land than to improve old. Let us take the harder duty, and cheerfully assume the task. The greater our success. the more the honor. Doubly so—we work to restore our father, our native land. We wish to live and die where our ancestors have, and keep alive the *amor patria*, which makes true citizens and unyielding patriots. Is this a vision of hope, or can it be pratically realized? We believe it can. Already the work of renovation has commenced. Just where the impoverishment began, the restoration has started; and Virginia now heads the lists, and her extended rejuvenesence entitles her to the soubriquet of young Virginia. The increased production of crops—the marvelous profits of her labor, quadrupling in some sections the average of her crops but a few years since, has strengthened the cause of slavery, and scattered an abundance over her limits, that makes her agricultural productions vie with the most favored portions of the South-West. This reaction will follow step by step, healing the wounds inflicted by avarice over once one of the fairest countries upon earth. For, when the Indian held its forests as a heritage, and its streams poured their crystal waters into the ocean, tradition tells us it was then a terrestrial paradise. Those forests have long since been denuded, and the rain drop that once rolled pellucidly into the channel of the brook, now rushes through seams that have cut the very arteries of nature, and bear away, in its red and turbid elements, the life-blood of the earth. A deep crime has been committed by man—a retributive justice requires him to expiate it. It is truer it is a transmitted sin. But the men of those days had so much to redeem them—so much heroism, patriotism, liberality and hospitality—that we cheerfully take the encumbrance to make their consecrated homes our dwelling places—to walk over the same valleys and hills—to drink out of the same founts. Theirs was the primitive and honest age. Then the wonders of geology had not been explored; and beyond the crust of this beautiful earth, really *terra incognita* existed. Even on its surface how much of agricultural wealth the eye passed listlessly over, not dreaming that a wise and munificent PROVIDENCE had placed an antidote for every agricultural infliction, just as HE has for all moral and physical ills. Chemistry had not then become the fortuneteller of agriculture. They were not aware how emphatically in the midst of nature we are in the midst of wonders, miracles and revolutions, whose cause and effect would be as evident to man as a mathematical demonstration. That it would teach us the air we breathed, as much as the earth, furnished the vital principle of the vegetable world---what was exactly required in the soil to give perfect vigor to the plant. And thus an exhausted soil can, in a few years, by those potent fertilizers, be made as productive, as when, in the wilderness, it was the recipient, for epochs, of all the debris that was profusely scattered over it in the revolutions of seasons and the lapse of time. In the generations preceding us, in this country, the laboratory of nature was the only one that prepared the soil for exuberant returns. The signs of its fertility was the waving forest---the dence cane brake, and those particular indications of growth, which to the practical eye unerringly told that, when cleared away, the productions man sought so eagerly after would soon fill his granary and purse. This habit of the past it is hard to change. When the axe has thrown the last tree, even up to the doors of his mansion---when the floods have swept the soil off to some delta---when fuel has become scarce and crops still more so---then, and not till then, is the choice to be made---improve or emigrate. If the first is decided upon, skill, care, capital and energy are to be expended with no stinted hand. An entire change is then to take place in the whole system to be pursued. The forcing plan is to give way to the enticing. The fields are to be soothed---supplied with just such pabulum as they want; and, as they emerge from their naked condition, covered in the green robe of spring, before it is ruthlessly torn by the frosts of winter, let the plow bury the sod, and let the veteran field take its rest with the mellowing soil around it. What particular mineral or vegetable manure may be needed, chemical analysis or practical reasoning from analogy, will suggest.

Every farmer and planter must be governed by the circumstances of his peculiar case. Food for one description of soil, is poision to another and but two tribunals can decide, the labratory, or experience. We prefer the lights of science; and here let us remark, the great desideratum in arriving at correct conclusions, is the want of agricultural chemists, to inform us of what our soils are deficient, or what they require. In a State almost exclusively agricultural, no human mind can tell the benefit of a strict analysis of various soils. Look at experiments with guano—how many conflicting accounts are rendered by different farmers and planters; in fact in every description of manure we hear opposite statements. May not this result from difference of soil? You may go into any neighborhood in the State, and you will hear one plantation noted, say for wheat, another for cotton, and another for corn. Whence this difference? It is in some peculiar property of the soil. The experience of years proves the fact, but the cause is wrapt in mystery. How easily solved! As much earth as you can grasp carried to the chemist, will present you with the smallest ingredient that lies dormath in that

inert mass, but which, in the great work ouse of nature, is a little giant in action. These subtile agencies in the soil, unknown to practical sense, except in the oft repeated loss and profit scale, are the very gist upon which agricultural reform depends. We work in the dark without their knowledge. Science stands ready to initiate us, but we frown her advances down, and in self pride, rely upon common sence. To illustrate: there is a road well beaten, and it runs directly down, and straight up hills, washed by every rain, requiring a vast deal of work to keep up. On either side houses of every construction, rude and uncouth, greet the eye. Now, this is the road traveled, and the abode, of common sence. An Engineer passes along, and offers his services to run a road on a level with half the labor. An Architect pledges himself, with the same materials, to throw their residences into shape pleasing to the eye, and more comfortable to the occupant. They are told, we, and our fathers before us, have travelled and lived along these roads and in these houses, and done well enough, and we oppose any change. Science leaves them in their folly, and common sense rejoices in its sagacity. Commerce, mechanics, and every vocation in life advances, but agriculture must stand still. Was the merchant forced to put his venture in a craft, such as alone sailed the waters forty years ago, in these days of lightning-like speed upon the ocean, he would feel that every market was closed to him, and his cargo already anticipated. In every department, promptness, magic quickness, accuracy, rules the day and hour. Must we, of all the professions upon earth, tarry? Are we willing to be left behind in the race, and then, to soothe our wounded pride, exclaim the "race is not always to the swift!" Poor consolation ---for generally it is, and easily won at that. A few men, moving in advance with an idea seldom effect reform in their day and generation. But let public opinion be ripe for inoculution and it spreads more rapidly than an epidemic. And why should the people of South Carolina not be ready to co-operate, one and all, in introducing agricultural reform? Are their profits so large that they require none? Is our country so beautiful that it cannot be improved? Are our stock so perfect that they require no change? Does neatness, order, prosperity, mark the general aspect of our plantations and farms? Is there no room for improvement? Or are we willing to call upon Hercules, the while forgetting that PROVIDENCE helps those who help themselves? Other countries have disenthralled themselves, who had not half the basis to enlarge we have. Originally large tracts of this State were exceedingly rich---cultivation has made them poor. They can be restored. And now, with railroads running by them in every direction, if once renovated, what would be their value? How much could a planter afford to expend, with the certainty of making his place as rich, or richer than it ever was? Suppose it made so, would fifty or one hundred dollars per acre price it? If you are attached to it from ancestral considerations, could money buy it? Begin, then to improve, for the very next crop. Upon the rolling districts, see that every hill-side has its ditch to intercept the water, and save every pound of earth from being moved by the floods. This neglected, every attempt to restore must fail. Commence with your best land, and work back in the effort of reclaiming. This will give you the means to improve the poor, for the richer the land the greater the effect of manure. By degrees your waste land will come into use. Divide your place into three or four divisions, and alternate as your judgment may suggest, or the experience of others recommend. Over a State so varying in climate and soil, the best method to suit every section, cannot be laid down. Only do not tax your soil too much with the same crops—a rotation is indispensable upon the richest land. The cotton being the leading crop, and the least exhausting of any planted, will bear the longest succession. But change is required even with it. The soil may remain perfect in every particular, but in the peculiar ingredient required for a particular plant, may become deficient, and a change will restore them, by substituting other crops that do not require the same nourishment. Concentrate the manure, home-made or imported; for one acre sufficiently manured will produce as much as the same spread over two, with less work, and greater permanent effect. Whatever is attempted, let it be well done. Every thing durable must have a solid foundation. Merely scattering the manure for the present crop, and gleaning all from the land, like the work of SISYPHUS, is a never-ending, still-beginning toil. The cultivation of cotton, in every portion of the State, except in the strip of country embracing about one degree of latitude, the extreme northern or mountain region, gives great advantages to our agriculture. If the lands of South Carolina were fresh, with her climate, she would occupy the front rank of the cotton region. In all the Gulf country, the rapid alternation of heat and moisture during the summer months, make them very liable to the ravages of the boll worm, which frequently cuts the average of their best land down to a point below remuneration. There may be dry cycles of years in those regions, but whenever a verticle sun acts upon moisture, over the dense folige of the field, the visitation of the worm is as sure to follow as the shadow the sun. No one who has not experienced the devastation and wreck of crops, resulting from this plague, can form the slightest conception of the wide-spread ruin a few weeks will work upon the finest pospec's. The worst is, that no skill can meet the difficulty. The best lands are the most liable; for, in proportion as the weed is luxuriant, are the ravages correspondingly great. This makes cotton planting, over a large portion of the South-West, full of vicissitude and uncertainty. It is gambling with nature. A few brilliant years will wipe off debt, and bury in forgetfulness the disastrous seasons, and seduce the planter again into ventures still greater. It is a country of great prizes many blanks. Here the army worm sweeps over, as in every section in the States, perhaps a periodical visitation. The boll worm, too, may be seen in

small numbers, but not amounting to a sacrifice of crops.

Being comparatively exempt from these scourges in consequence of climate, if we had the soil, ours would be the favored cotton region. The climate is fixed, the condition of our soil can be changed—necessity must work the change. And here, let me say, one of the first steps to be taken by large planters is to divide their forces into different centries. This subdivision of labor is much more efficient to make crops and improvements, by economising time, than when worked together in large gangs. It requires rather an extraordinary combination of character to enable any one to economise time, to equalize the labor of the free and sluggish; to have work done properly, justly, and humanely, with large gangs. That minute scrutiny; that direct supervision of one and all; that neetness so indispensible to success and efficiency is generally wanting in a large force. Hence a rush for cotton and corn, and nothing else is the result. This system will barely do upon the rich alluvial or deep fertile calcarious soils of the South. Upon a partially worn out plantation, in this State, it will devour the substance of the planter, and eat him out of house and home. Were it not for the increase of his negroes, and their enhanced value, all such planters would be sinking capital. Upon our rice fields and alluvial bottoms, planting with and working large forces, may be profitable; but elsewhere we are satified farming would be more so than the present system. In South Carolina, the true position of the cotton planter should be, the largest amount of cotton, consistent with an ample provision crop for his own use. All his surplus should be represented by cotton. It pays better than any other crop—is a cash article, and enables the grower to surround himself with the comforts and luxuries of other climates, which would not be brought here without it. The cotton made by the slave labor of the South is a monopoly, and must forever remain so. No other region in the four quarters of the globe can raise it in the quantities we do, or can any at the same price. Cotton cannot be made without slavery. Intelligent direction and involuntary labor are the prerequisites to successful cotton culture. We alone hold these keys; and, when we open wide with them our doors to the commerce of the world, unlike those of Janus, we wish peace and good will to all mankind. We can command it too if left to ourselves. The withholding of supplies, on our part, would carry greater dismay than an army with banners. See how the besotted fanatic swears he will touch not, taste not, the product of slave labor; and yet he quaffs his coffee, sweetened, encased in raiment, every fibre of which is handled by slave labor. It is forced down their throats and upon their backs, in spite of themselves.

Providence never gave a people more to glory in, than he has the slaveholder; nor has He ever required of any people such high attributes to retain the precious heritage. The citizens of Athens did not like Aristides, because he was tired of hearing every one call him just. So the people of the world, made happy by the South---indebted to her for the prime necessaries of life---they do not like her because, forsooth, they are tired of her good fortune. Her vast resources have excited jealousy on the part of some, hatred in others. And now these hostile hosts, whose animosity at first proceeded from selfishness and expediency, have deluded themselves into the conviction that the negro was born free and equal to themselves---that the African is entitled to liberty and the pursuit of happiness---that liberty, fraternity, equality should embrace the negro, and not the white man, his master. And, seizing the strongholds of this government, and now only temporarily displaced, they are moving down upon us; and, with the certainty of fate, will have to be met, not by appeals to mere expedients, compromises or forlorn hopes, based upon this man or party, but with arguments sterner than words, and in arenas, where manhood must prove its mettle, we will rally as a unit in defence of our country and our property. Then, security for the present and the future *really* acquired---our homes the scenes of contentment and prosperity---our agriculture forever undisturbed by unequal laws that, like stealthy robbers, have plundered us to poverty, and the ill-gotten wealth pampered our foes to satiety---with our negroes unmolested and happy---our lands redeemed and overflowing with plenty---our people banded by a common bond of interest---the commerce of the world crowding our ports, and their sails whitening every sea in bearing our manificent staples to every mart; and, while supplying the wants, strengthening the ties of humanity. This, no fancy sketch, a few brief years may realize. Or, untrue to ourselves in the coming crisis, there will fortunately be no posterity in all the region we name, the South, even to execrate our memory, or call us infamous.

We Southern agriculturists of the present day and generation, have solemn responsibilities reposing upon us. To swerve from the clear path of duty that lies before us, is to be politically and socially degraded for the present, and to lose forever the high casts we claim as men and masters, resulting from the institution of slavery. We must dismiss the prurient feeling that beseeches to be quiet; to wait a little longer while the huge serpent coils itself around every limb, and muscle by muscle our strength is yielding to the pressure. We, who expend our lives in cultivating the soil with the negro labor—those who directly enjoy the benefits, and live by exchanging their mechanical, mercantile, or professional industry for its profits, cannot await the tergiversations of party manœuvreing to elevate any man to power, when our barriers of resistance are straining at every point, and many of our safest stays snapt already. If we have not a voice in this matter, who has? Who wants the land without the negro slave? Why task our purse or energy to improve the soil, if the labor, which gives them all their value, is to be put in jeopardy by the senseless cry, that "man has no right to hold property in man," by our enemies, and the easy admission of those we hold friends,

that slavery is an evil in the abstract. Both meet at one point—abate the evil. The only difference, immediate or remote emancipation. Give us, then, security for the future, and we can redeem our exhausted fields, and make them the permanent homes of intelligence, wealth and prosperity. This society will give an impulse, in the proper direction, to efface the slovenly, temporary and destructive system that has impoverished the soil, and banished much of her talent, energy and blood to distant exile. Small in territory, in comparison with some States, South Carolina is large when contrasted with sections of the earth which have directed, in policy and trade, the leading interests of the human race. Her population could be increased fourteen fold, and not be larger, in proportion, than England. Her productive capacity is equally in the rear. Her magnificent mountain region and climate; her naturally beautiful middle and rolling districts; her plains, filled with rich, alluvial soil; her seaboard furnishing two points of commanding interest, the one the leading commercial city on the Southern Atlantic coast, the other the deepest bar and finest harbor—Port Royal. In our rear vast and wealthy regions, hitherto cut off by mountain barriers from the beneficent influence of commerce, only awaits the open sesame of the rock to unfold and deliver up her immense treasures. These, transported to the seaboard, with direct trade, will build up a commercial city of large population and wealth, diffusing its prosperity back upon the country, which, in turn, will re-act in flooding her with its overflowing abundance. All we want to realize, in full, this picture, is security against the robbery of unequal laws; our slaves to be no longer the sport of demagogues and fanatics, and, thus relieved, our agricultural organization will be capable of rendering efficient aid in the work of redemption, that will be accelerated to success. This society can only succeed by proving itself a bold, honest, unselfish advocate of South Carolina's agricultural prosperity. Policy cannot make a farmer and planter. Nature deals in no subterfuge. She yields crops by direct application and work, and never grants them to packed resolutions or adroitness. She asks you to call a spade, a spade; to look things practically in the eye; to take such implements as suit your task, and then go to work, and not be eternally talking about what you are going to do, and then do—nothing. If we have established this society with the patriotic and benevolent view, really, to advance the welfare of the State by dispensing knowledge that will enable every agriculturist to employ the most efficacious method in every department, to attain the greatest perfection in the art of farming; to save his lands from exhaustion, his negroes from extermination, we must confine ourselves strictly to this design. The experience of the past efforts to establish agricultural societies, is the want of interest manifested after the hot zeal in favor of the new enterprise subsides. The disposition, at first, is to run to excess, and then the pendulum of opinion swings to the other extreme. We trust this society can avoid the breakers that have wrecked the previous efforts made in this State. If a community of feeling, in a strictly agricultural State, that has rallied around our organization much of her talent, energy, and wealth is any guarantee, we have much to hope for in the future. If the State pride of South Carolina is truly enlisted in this enterprise; if, from the mountains to the seaboard, our farmers and planters sincerely feel an arena is here offered, not for gladiatorial display, where heated animosities and private ambition "struts its brief hour" of existence, but where an electrical emotion surcharges the whole to enter and contend triumphantly in behalf of the State, then the future usefulness and stability of this society will increase with duration, and become cemented by time.

Again.

We have in our late numbers given several recipes for curing and preserving bacon; below will be found some additional information on the same subject which we have just received in time for our present number.

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Mr. Editor:—I receive your Farmer and Planter mothly very regularly, and am well pleased with it at the price, and herewith enclose two dollars to you for this year and next.

I like that way of getting a receipt in the paper. One knows that his pay is gone right. And if you will not think me presuming on your duty as Editor, I would suggest to give us something in advance of the season. It would put us in mind at the right time to make preparation.

Now is the time to think of curing bacon, and last spring, the first of April, I sewed up about half the hams I had in sacks, (good close Osnaburgs.) and starched the outside with corn meal as close as I could, and dried them in the sun one day, then hung them in the smoke house with the other meat. This fall they were the sweetest meat I ever ate, clear of skippers nearly, but last winter was so cold and frosty that, perhaps, it was the cause of the meat getting dry sooner, or drove away all the bugs, I know not. If you can recommend anything, you will confer a favor on a friend and subscriber. Yours, truly, H. M. White.

November 10th, 1856.

Grape Culture.

There is, we think, a growing disposition in the South to enter into the business of grape culture and wine making, but many are deterred from, considering it a new and untried business, and fearing a failure whilst others, who have heard of unsuccessful experiments, hold back, lest they may share the same fate. We think both are wrong; the culture of the grape and wine making, to some extent, is not new or un-

tried, and the failure of those who *have* failed to succeed, was, we doubt not, owing entirely to the fact of their attempting the culture of *foreign*, instead of *native*, varieties. In all probability, we have as good grapes in America, and in the South, as are grown in Europe, and many are now living, who will see as good wines made in the South as are now being made in the North, or in Europe. Who doubts it? All we lack is, confidence; inspire us with that, and the difficulty is overcome; and in order to accomplish this object, shall continue from time to time to lay before our readers everything that may come in our way, best calculated to encourage a beginning, and when we do begin, to begin right, and then, as Davy Crockett would say, "go ahead." Hear from one of his countrymen.

The following extract is from a letter published in the *Nashville Banner*, which we find in the *Southern Cultivator*. The letter is headed—

WARTRACE, TENN., May 17th, 1856.

* * * * * * * *

In the spring of 1854, I prepared a small piece of ground about half an acre, by plowing as deep as possible with a turning plow, and following in the furrow with a sharp bull-tongue. This I set out with Catawba grape roots procured from Cincinnati, placing them in rows 6 by 4 feet apart. The succeeding summer, as every one will remember, was the time of the great drouth. The vine suffered from this less than any other species of vegetation, preserving their rich dark color, when everything else was parched and withered. In the early part of this fall, I employed and brought out from Cincinnati, through the agency, and upon the recommendation of Mr. Buchannan, a German vine-dresser, a man thoroughly and practically acquainted with every process of the business—brought up amongst the vineyards of the Rhine, and having had three years experience with our native grapes in the vineyards of Ohio. I gave up to him the management of my vineyard altogether, to carry on the vines I had planted, and to extend it as much as our force would permit.

From the first, and thenceforth he has set his face "like a flint" against the use of the plow. I attributed this antipathy then, to his early habits and associations—coming from a country where spade culture is almost the only kind in use. I am sure now he is right, from reasons which I will mention hereafter. His first operation was to ditch between my vine rows to the depth of about two feet, and throw the soil back, for the purpose of loosening and draining the soil deeper than the plow had gone. Having finished that, he employed the balance of the winter in trenching ground for new plantings, which is accomplished in the following manner:

A ditch of the width of about three feet is marked along the whole length of the piece of ground to be prepared, and carefully dug out to the depth of from 18 to 24 inches. A second piece is then laid off adjoining the first and the dirt taken out of that thrown into the first, top down, completely filling it up, and leaving the second ditch only, open; then another and another until all is finished. By this process the loose bed of 2 feet or more in depth, in which the whole soil will have been subverted, leaving a rich surface soil is at the bottom, a point of more consequence than at first appears, and wherein the subsoil plow is deficient. The roots are invited down, beyond the scalding influences of the rain and sun—(the now established cause of the rot,) and in a condition of constant and uniform moisture.

The benefit of this was rather expensively demonstrated to me by the great rain two weeks ago, a large body of water rushing from a hill side above, burst through the picket fence, and tore out a very savage looking and ghastly channel about two and a half feet in depth through a portion of my vineyard which had been trenched in this manner about fourteen months ago. The vines were slips of only one year's growth, and yet the bottom of the trenched ground was netted with the young roots some of them three feet long, whilst near the surface there were comparatively few. The trenching is permanent in its effets, keeping loose for years. I did my first trenching in the fall of 1844, and I can now at any point run my walking cane down to the bottom of the trenches—at least if the ground ever does become compact it will be long after the roots have had time to become firmly established at the depth. I dwell on this subject of thorough trenching and subversion of the soil from a conviction of its importance. Those whose impatience leads them to resort to the plow as a substitute will assuredly find that they have made more waste with less speed.

In the spring of '55, I set out in the ground so trenched, some four or five thousand slips, and, still remaining at that time a lingering hope in the efficacy of the plow, I overruled my vine-dresser, and prepared an additional piece of ground by plowing and subsoiling, in which I set out 3 by five feet apart, two thousand roots. The summer growth of the slips in the trenched portion, was rapid and healthy; the roots in the plowed ground, which should have been a year in advance scarcely grew so much and had all the while a sickly appearance. My oldest vines which had been trenched between the rows, grew with great strength and rapidity making canes ten or twelve feet in length and bearing here and there a few grapes. I watched these scattering bunches during that summer with great anxiety: they continued to grow large and full—passed through the hot and rainy season without the least appearance of rot—ripened about the 1st of September, altogether, without leaving upon the bunches any green and withered berries, and in fulness of time were gathered in and eaten, with more gratification and flourish, perhaps, than the occasion demanded, but with the full conviction, that they were as good as Catawba grapes ever get to be, and proved, as far as they went, that the thing would do.

The last winter (previous to which I had employed an additional *vigneron*) was employed wholly in trenching additional ground, for the extension of the vineyard, and I made another

importation from Cincinnati of 8 000 cuttings, which, with about 3 000 taken from my own vines, were all set out in spring. My older vines have been pruned and staked for a regular vintage next fall, and are promising a very full crop. The vines have grown about 5 feet in length and are filled with bunches, as many as I would be willing to see them bear. They are now tied up to the stakes as fast as they grow, and kept carefully dressed; attended, as you may believe, with the most watchful anxiety. Everything looks cheering in the experiment, and I hopefully anticipate the fulfilment of my wishes in a rich vintage next September.

Thus much only have I begun to do. The end is yet to come. I have it dently and steadily pursued, at some cost, an object, the accomplishment of which, I am sure, would be fraught with the richest blessings to the State. I have met with much encouragement from other quarters, not only by word but from having observed that others here and there, have become impressed with the same idea, and are experimenting in the same way. I consider it yet an "experiment" in this State, although a promising and hopeful one. Each year will render it more of certainty—now quite rapidly since the preparatory work is done. If it should do, how much better than emigration is it, as population increases, for a man and his wife and children, laboring cheerfully together, to support themselves in comfort and refinement, on five or six acres of land? J. R. Eakin.

Exhaustion of the Soil.

"There is, on an average, about one-fourth of a pound of potash to every one hundred pounds of soil, and about one-eighth of a pound of phosphoric acid, and one-sixteenth of a pound of sulphuric acid. If the potatoes and the tops are continually removed from the soil, it will soon exhaust the potash; if the wheat and straw are removed, it will soon exhaust the phosphate of lime; if corn and the stalks, it will soon exhust the sulphuric acid. Unless there is a rotation, or the material that the plant requires, supplied from abroad, your crops will soon run out, though the soil may continue rich for other plants."

An acre of soil twelve inches deep would weigh, say 1,600 tons. According to the above figures, it would weigh 8000 lbs. of potash, 4000 lbs. of phosphoric acid, and 2000 lbs. of sulphuric acid. Estimating that potatoes contain 20 per cent. of dry matter, and that 4 per cent. of this is ash, and that half of the ash is potash, we only remove in a crop of 250 bushels, 60 lbs. of potash. Say that the tops contain 20 lbs. more and we have potash enough in an acre of soil to produce a crop of 250 bushels of potatoes, each year for a century!

A crop of wheat of 30 bushels per acre, contains about 26 lbs. of ash, and half of this, say, is phosphoric acid. Allowing the straw, chaff, &c., contain 7 lbs. more, we remove from the soil in a crop of wheat of 30 bushels per acre, 20 lbs. of phosphoric acid. According to the above estimate, then, an acre of soil contains sufficient phosphoric acid to produce anually a crop of wheat and straw of 30 bushels per acre, *for two hundred years!*

We will pursue the calculation no farther. The writer of the paragraph quoted above, selected out the crops and elements best suited for his purpose; but it will be seen, that even according to his own estimate, there is sufficient potash and phosphoric acid in the soil to give the present wicked generation all the potatoes and wheat they may need.

But let us take another view of the subject. No intelligent farmer removes all the potatoes *and tops*, all the wheat, straw and chaff, and all the corn, stalks, &c., from his farm. According to Dr. Salisbury, a crop of corn of 75 bushels per acre removes from the soil 600 lbs. of mineral matter; but the grain contains only 46 lbs. The remainning 554 lbs. is contained in the stalks, leaves, sheths, husks, tassels, &c., all of which are generally retained on the farm. It follows from this that, when only the grain is sold off the farm, it takes more than 13 crops to remove as much mineral matter from the soil as is contained in the whole of one crop. Again the ash of the grain contains less than 3 per cent. of sulphuric acid, so that the 46 lbs. of ash in 75 bushels of corn contains less than a pound and a half of sulphuric acid, and, thus, if as is estimated, an acre of soil contains 2000 lbs. of sulphuric acid, we have sufficient for an annual crop of 75 bushels per acre for fifteen hundred years!

Intelligent wheat-growers seldom sell their straw, or chaff, and frequently consume on the farm nearly as much bran, shorts, &c., as is sent to market with the grain. In the Natural History of New York, part 5, it is stated that a crop of wheat, in Western New York, of thirty bushels per acre, including straw, chaff, &c., removes from the soil 144 lbs. of mineral matter. Genesee wheat usually yields about 80 per cent. of flour. This flour contains only 0.7 per cent. of mineral matter, while fine middlings contain 4 per cent. Coarse middling, 5½; shorts, 8; and bran, 8½ per cent. It follows from this that, out of the 144 lbs. of mineral matter in the crop of wheat, less than 10 lbs. is contained in the flour. The remaining 134 lbs. is found in the straw, chaff, bran, shorts, &c. Even however, if none of the shorts is returned to the farm the 30 bushels of grain remove from the soil

only 26 lbs. of mineral matter; and it would take more than five crops to remove as much mineral matter as one crop contains. Allowing that half the ash of wheat is phosphoric acid, 30 bushels remove only 13 lbs. from the soil; and if the soil contains 4000 lbs., it will take 207 crops of 30 bushels each to exhaust it.

We commend these facts to the consideration of the writer of the paragraph we have quoted. If his estimates are correct; if the soil contains as much potash, phosphoric acid and sulphur as he states, we need have few fears of waking up some morning to find all the precious elements of crops departed from our soils forever.

We should just observe that the idea, embodied in the latter part of the paragraph, has no foundation in fact. If a soil is *exhausted* of potash, or of phosphoric acid, it will not "continue rich for other crops." Not a plant that we commonly cultivate, can grow upon soil destitute of *any* of the mineral elements of plants.

[*Country Gentleman.*

Waste of Liquid Manures.

The proper construction and location of barn yards is a subject entitled to most respectful consideration. If the question, "are liquids flowing from manure heaps valuable?" were seriously submitted to the farmers of this country, it would provoke a smile of derision, that any one possessed of common sense would propound so simple a query. And yet, notwithstanding this perfect knowledge of the fact that this liquid is comprised of a large portion of the most valuable fertilizing ingredients of the manure heap from which it flows, how very few farmers appear to consider it worth their while to save it from utter waste. We have been led to these remarks from having had very frequent opportunities during the past two month of observing the reckless indifference manifested by very many farmers in the construction and location of their barn yards. Indeed it appeared to us, that had it been the fixed design of the owners to afford the most complete escape for all the liquids from their barn yards, they could not have accomplished it more effectually. It is almost impossible to conceive of a more complete disregard of true economy. The famer who year after year witness the streams of rich liquid manure flowing from his barn yard to the nearest rivulet, to be lost to him forever; or running along the road side, rendering it unpleasant to eyes and olfactories, has a poor right to complain if his crops are less abundant than his neighbor's. Nor should it be a matter of surprise to him, after having applied the same quantity of manure plowed as deeply, pulverized as thoroughly, and in every other respect given his crop the same attention, the yield should fall short of his who does not permit the washing rains to exhaust the most valuable portion of his manure heap.

It should be a cardinal principle with every farmer to economize his manures. Upon it depends his success, and without, his labors must to a very great extent, be without profit, if not attended with absolute loss. If it is found necessary to have the barn yard on a hill side, it is equally necessary to have the lower side of it protected by a wall, or some other arrangement by which the escape of liquid manure may be prevented. It is almost equally important to have a spout to convey the rain water from the roof of the barn in some other direction than directly through the barn yard. It is bad enough that the manure heap should be exposed to the rains which fall directly upon it, without adding to it the droppings from the roof of the barn. If such improvident farmers were to behold the actual value of the fertilizing material thus lost, rolling from their purses in the shape of dollars and cents, how energetically would they labor to prevent the waste. The loss of a single little gold dollar would stir them up to a greater activity than the direct waste of a hundred times that little gold dollar's value in the form of liquid manure. Year after year, silently but steadily, the golden streams are flowing from their purses. Tell them of their error, and they acknowledge it, but rarely does it happen that being reminded of it in a friendly manner, they make a single effort to correct it. How many are there, who after a life time of steady and unremitting toil, find themselves no richer in lands or money than when they began. They cannot explain the reason. Other causes may have led to such discouraging results, but if the drain of liquid manures from their barn yards had been checked when they began farming, very many of these unsuccessful ones would have been as prosperous as their more provident neighbors.

[*Progressive Farmer.*

The Weevil---An Experiment.

According to M. Gorrie, (Magazine of Natural History) the *larvæ* of the Wheat Midge or Weevil, deposited in the ears of Wheat, leave them about the first of August and go into the ground, where it is "probable" they remain during the winter in the pupa state, and become

flies the next season, when the wheat is in blossom.

For the purpose of testing this theory, and of ascertaining what might be done to arrest or retard the appearance of the fly in the proper season, the writer devised the following experiment:

Having constructed two boxes, each about three feet square and nine inches deep, covering the top with millinet, and leaving the bottom open to the ground, I selected a spot in the field where wheat had been harvested the preceding year, and where the wheat had been entirely destroyed by the weevil and placed the two boxes side by side—the first box on the ground that had remained undisturbed since the harvest—the second on the ground that had just been turned over with a spade, ten inches deep. Care was taken to make the boxes tight and fit them closely to the ground, to allow of no opening anywhere but through the meshes of the millinet top, which were sufficiently coarse to admit the light, air, and rain, and fine enough to prevent the escape of the flies, should any come out of the ground under the boxes.

The boxes were set about the first of June last. On the 12th of the same month, sure enough, the true wheat fly, the indubitable weevil, began to appear in the first box—some three or four only, at first, but increasing daily till the 26th, when there were some scores of them. From this time to the first of July they remained, as to numbers, about stationary, when apparently, all at once, there were several hundreds—the weather being very warm and somewhat showery—swarming in the clover now grown up thickly under the box. Coincident also with their appearance in the box, they were noticed in the adjacent clover of the field, in which they seemed to find an appropriate nursery home until strong enough to fly off to the fields of wheat.

In the meantime, the *second* box was carefully watched, and nothing was discovered therein up to the 28th of June. Supposing by this time that the spade had done an effectual work with the embryo weevil, this box was not noticed again till the 3rd day of July, when to my surprise, I counted near 150 flies, hanging torpidly, like mosquitoes, on the under side of the millinet. Dividing the four days that occurred between the last two observations, it would fix the time of their appearance under the *second* box, on the first day of July—*eighteen days after their appearance under the first box.*

This simple experiment discloses some interesting facts:—

1. It demonstrates as a *fact*, what is stated only as a *probability* by M. Gorrie—that the weevil pupæ winter in the earth, and come out flies the ensuing season when the wheat is in blossom, to commence their work of destruction for the farmer, and of reproduction for themselves.

2. It shows also, that to *turn over the ground in the Spring and sink the pupæ below their natural position, will proportionately retard the period of their development*—a depth of ten inches retarding them in the above instance, eighteen days. This length of time, later than its usual time of appearance, would render the fly comparatively harmless---the wheat being too far advanced to be seriously damaged. As the fly would find but very few heads still in blossom, but few eggs or larvæ would come to maturity if deposited; and in two or three years, if followed up, the weevil would disappear.

3. The most effectual remedy, therefore, would seem to be, *to subsoil the stubble in the spring*. Even ordinary plowing, would, without doubt, considerably diminish the weevil, while, on the other hand, to seed with clover and leave the ground undisturbed the ensuing season, is the most effectual method of securing a large increase of the fly.

H. Darling.

Pea Fallow.

The following details, we have read with interest, and they will no doubt be equally interesting to our readers. They are from the pen of E. R. Turnbull, Esq., of Lawrenceville, Va., and are copied from the Petersburg *Farmer*:

I was induced four or five years ago by my brother, William Turnbull of Dinwiddie, to sow wheat on the same land every year, and use the pea fallow. I followed his directions, and the result has more more than met my expectations.

As soon as convenient after the wheat is cut plow as deep as possible with a two horse plow, sow the peas and harrow them in. It is best not to sow them later than 20th July, but earlier if possible. When the pod begins to form on the vines, they are turned in, and about the 1st October the wheat is sowed. Before sowing the wheat I run the large drag over the land to level it, put the wheat in with the 7 tooth harrow, drag again and sometimes roll.

I plow deep for three reasons—ours are red stiff lands; 1st. To increase the depth of mould and prevent washing. 2d. To destroy the weeds, &c., which usually grow after wheat. 3d. However dry it may be when the time arrives for the peas to be turned in, if the land is plowed deep at first, the following can be done.

I sow two bushels of peas to the acre. I

want them thick to shade the land as soon as possible, and to prevent the vines from running, so that they can be easily and completely turned. The fallowing is commenced as soon as the pod begins to form, in order that the work may be finished before the pea matures—believing that if the pea is allowed to mature, injury is done to the land; and besides, I prefer early fallowing because more time is given for the mould to form on the top of the land, and the vines will be more decayed before the wheat is seeded.

I sow wheat early to avoid rust and chintz bug.

The land upon which I commenced the pea fallow was very poor. When the wheat was first seeded I applied about 200 lbs. guano per acre. This made a tolerable good crop, and also produced a good cover of pea vines. The peas were fallowed, and when the wheat was sowed again I used 200 lbs. guano. The crop has increased every year. Last year I applied only 100 lbs. guano, and the crop this year is better than it ever has been—not being less than 20 bushels per acre During the four years I have applied as a top dressing on the wheat, between 10 and 20 bushels ashes per acre on part of the lot. I have always selected my seed wheat from the land on which the peas were sowed, as it is entirely free from all impurities.

I am satisfied that with the pea fallow and a small application of ashes, wheat can be made, and profitably made, on the same land every year, and the land greatly improved.

I regret very much that I cannot be more accurate in my statements. Like farmers generally, I have been very careless.

Some object to the pea fallow on account of expense and trouble—expense in buying peas and trouble of plowing in hot weather. Farmers can make their own peas. It is almost impossible to gather them in large quantities with the hand, but the vines can be cut and housed or stacked, and the peas when dry beat out. By the way, can't some inventive genius make us a cheap machine to gather them?

Wheat cannot be raised to any extent without early fallowing. I consider it much easier to plow the land after the wheat is taken off, than to fallow a clover lot or to turn in a coat of weeds.

I have always bought my peas, and think that the increase in the crop of wheat, the great improvement of the land, and the labor saved in hauling by always having the wheat convenient to the granary, afford me a handsome profit for the outlay and trouble. Our lands generally are too poor to produce clover. The pea fallow is, in my humble opinion, our only remedy. I am an advocate for the prudent use of guano. It will not do for any length of time unaided. In order to derive any permanent benefit from it, my experience is that the use of it must be followed by the application of some putrescent manure. It costs too much. It has caused farmers to neglect the taking care of home manure. The extravagant use of it and the late sowing of wheat have done the farmers serious damage. I have been endeavoring for the last two or three years to use it as little as possible, and make the pea and home manures supply its place.

I have told all I know about the pea fallow. If what I have said induces any farmer to use it, so that two blades of grass will be produced where one grew before, I will be compensated fully for my trouble.

Protection Against The Apple Worm.

The following communication has been made to the A. I. Country Gentleman, by Mr. E. Cross.—*Progressive Farmer.*

The Apple worm, which is so prevalent in this country, without doubt is produced by a moth, or miller, which deposits its eggs in the calyx of the apple when it is very small.—(When I speak of apple worms, I do not mean those caterpillars that infest our apple trees almost every spring, devouring the leaves and almost destroying the trees.) These eggs soon become worms, which gnaw holes into the apples, where they feast themselves all summer, and sometimes nearly all winter. I need not spend time to describe these worms, for every man who has eaten wormy apples knows very well what they are. I suppose these worms turn to millers in the spring or forepart of the summer, and deposit their eggs on the young apples the same as the previous year. The damage done to apples every year, amounts to a great sum. Many of the apples after they are punctured, fall from the trees before they are half grown. Many that remain on the trees till Fall, will not keep more than three weeks after being picked. Every fruit culturist knows that apples will keep but a short time after the skin is broken so as to let in the air.

Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop these marauders in their wild career.—I took half a dozen quart beer bottles, and filled each half full of sweetened water; I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner; I tied leather straps three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to allow the millers to enter.

I let the bottles remain in this situation five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying them, I found the millers had entered in great numbers and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted fifteen, in another forty, and so on. The trees thus treated produced fourteen bushels of large fair apples, while the fruit on the trees not experimented upon was wormy. Whether the remedy produced all the difference or not, I will not pretend to say, but hope some fruit culturist will be enterprising enough to try the experiment next summer, and report the success to the editor of this or some other paper;

Another method I would recommend for destroying these millers that produce the apple worms, is to take shavings or straw, and light fires in the orchard in the evening, in the month of June. As soon as the millers see the light

they will fly towards it and be consumed in the flames. Millions may be destroyed every season in this way.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Mole Pills.

Editors Southern Cultivator—I have been a subscriber to your paper three years, and having been profited by the many valuable recipes and other information through its columns from brother farmers, I feel that I would be doing them an injustice was I to withhold anything from them that would benefit or enlighten them in the least possible way, I, therefore, beg that you will allow these lines a place in your valuable paper for the satisfaction of your "Fellwood's Store" correspondent, who wants to know if there is any protection against the ravages of moles. I will give him my experiment with them this spring and the result, and, as it is a very simple one, he can give it a trial.

For two years my wife's garden has been troubled by these little pests, and as I knew no way to remove them, I was compelled, as I thought, to submit to their ravages. Things went on in this way until last spring, when I had a warm bed made and bedded out my seed potatoes; in a very few days they took possession of it, and like some other beds in the garden, they completely undermined it (if I may so express myself); this I could not stand, and resolved at once to try and get rid of them. I accordingly procured a lump of cold hominy about the size of a hen egg, into which I mixed 10 grains of strychnine. I then went about in the garden, and wherever I found a fresh trail, I run my fore-finger through the loose cracked earth to their cave or passway, into which I dropped a small lump of the hominy about as large as the end of my finger, always being careful to put a small piece of bark over the hole to keep the dirt from rolling in and to shut out the light should they attempt to pass before night. I did this in different parts of the garden, particularly on the potato bed, and strange, yet true, in one week all sign of them had disappeared, and from that time till this (3 months) I have not been troubled with a single one (to my knowledge) in the garden.

I will say here, it was my intention, if I did not succeed with the hominy, to try the strychnine in grub worms, as I thought this was what they were after, but I succeeded to my utmost wishes and had no occasion to make any farther trial.

Now Messrs Editors, permit me to say if you think this recipe not worth the space it will require in your paper, just cast it aside and there will be no harm done. I have thus written lengthy and exact for fear "A Subscriber" would have to kill moles like your correspondent, "Green Horn," said in the September (1855) number, he had to make his wine by—*experiment.* Your reader, S.

New Prospect, Winston Co., Miss., 1856.

Curing Bacon Without Smoke.

"O, the trouble folks have taken,
To smoke and spoil their bacon."

To make the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving in food, and well fattened pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt as soon as the animal heat is gone, with a plenty of the purest salt, and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has been covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the hock end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be, (it ought to be done now,) you will have no further trouble with it, for by fly time in spring, your bacon is so well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said:—"put in the sugar, then fill it up with whiskey, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon, after following the direction given above, every "drop of smoke you put about it spoils the bacon.

[*Portage Democrat.*

Influence of the Male.

The advantage arising from the judicious crossing of stock, is no longer a matter of doubt or uncertainty, and we are pleased to observe an awakening interest on the subject, which promises excellent results. An examination of the cattle of very many of our best agricultural districts, must satisfy every unprejudiced mind of the absolute necessity that exists for improvement of some kind, whether it be produced by the importation of improved breeds of cattle to supersede the present stock, or by judicious crossing. The first method is impracticable, both from the high price and scarcity of the pure Durham, Devon, Hereford, and other superior breeds. The second is not only practicable but commendable, as it may be accomplished at a reasonable cost, and in a comparatively short space of time. We present a few suggestions for the consideration of those who

are really desirous of attempting the improvement of their stock by judicious crossing. We have high authority for asserting that "the male is the parent, from motives of sense and sound policy to which we can alone look for the improvement of our live stock." Mr. Berry, in a prize essay, asserts "that only one rational course can be adopted by breeders, viz: that of resorting to the *best male*, a simple and efficacious method of improving such stocks as require improvement, and the only proceeding by which stock already good, can be preserved in excellence." If, then, the influence of the male is the predominant one in reproducing, the course of the farmer whose stock is susceptible of, and requires improvement, is a very clear one. If he desires to secure particular excellence for his flock, he should select a male in which these excellencies have their fullest development; and whose points in other respects, are free from blemish. But perfection in all his points does not always constitute a desirable animal for breeding purposes; for unless he is a descendant of a series of progenitors which were also perfect in all their points, *their* faults, whatever they might have been, will most probably appear in his issue, and thus wholly defeat the intentions and expectations of the owner. But if, having found an animal which combines the precise excellencies he is desirous of securing to his stock, he can trace his pedigree through a series of unblemished predecessors, steady and persevering efforts and attention, will be certainly followed by success. The introduction of a bull possessed of the desirable characteristics referred to, into a neighborhood where only common and inferior stock is to be found, would prove of incalculable advantage, while the cost of purchase might be borne respectively by the several parties who desired his services. By such an arrangement, the expenses to each farmer would be comparatively light.—*Farm Journal.*

To Extract Grease from Cloth.—The following is infallible:

"To sixteen ounces of rectified spirits of wine add ten grains of carbonate of potash, (pure,) half an ounce of essential oil of bergamot, and one ounce of sulphuric ether; mix and keep in a glass-stoppered bottle. Apply with a piece of sponge, soaking the cloth thoroughly when the grease is not recent. The mixture emits a peculiarly fragrant odor and being a fluid soap, chemically composed will be found a pefect solvent of oily matter."—*Exchange.*

The above is a good recipe for the purpose stated; of this we judge of the nature of the substances of which it is composed. A cheaper fluid for the same purpose, and one that will answer equally as well, is made of an ounce of liquid ammonia, and four ounces of alcohol mixed with an equal quantity of water.

[*Scientific American.*

The Farmer and Planter.

PENDLETON, S. C.

Vol. VIII, No. 1, : : : : January, 1857.

New Year's Address to the Patrons of the Farmer and Planter.

We greet you, friends, with the congratulations of the season. Happy new year to you all.

"May all our troubles
In the deep bosom of the ocean be buried,
Our sad disappointment be turned into merry greetings."

The close of the old and the beginning of the new year, is an important epoch in the lapse of time. It may be said to be a *stand-still point*, though time never stops or ceases to run its untiring, onward course, 'till it will be swallowed up in the ocean of eternity. We attempt to measure its lapse by dividing it into years, and months, days and hours, but the winged moments are continually fleeing away as fast as the ticking of a clock, or the pulsations of the heart, being swallowed up in the past, and treading on the heels of the future. The present moment can scarcely be said to be, before it is gone and numbered with the past—the knell of the old year is scarcely tolled before the ear of time ushers in the birth of the new. *Time is perpetual motion.* But although we cannot catch time, "*carpe diem*," we can so employ it, as to make it useful and profitable to ourselves and others. We can resolve to profit by the experience of the past—we can use it as a beacon light to the future, warning us of the rocks and dangers on which our frail barques were near being stranded, and setting our sails afresh to direct us to the harbor of safety.

These reflections come with a force and significance at the close of the old and the commencement of the new year. To the moralist, it is a season for sage counsel and impressive admonition—for the sacred book tells us, "so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" This prayer of the Psalmist has, no doubt, reference to divine wisdom. But there is a wisdom of the world which should be learned by experience, and the lapse of every year and day of life, should be continually adding to the stock. We live to little purpose if we are not learning something every day of our lives. It is melancholy to consider, however, how little real knowledge is acquired by experience and observation.

This remark applies more particularly to the farmer

and planter than to any other class. No people are so slow in adopting improvements, even after they have been well established, than our profession. Instead of improving our lands, we are constantly wearing them out. We persue a most suicidal policy. Instead of adding to and increasing their production, they are continually diminishing. A very few years suffices to convert a rich, virgin soil, fresh from the hand of nature, into old fields, and are then turned out, as the phrase is, like an old horse turned on the commons to die.—How many fine mansions are to be seen in some parts of our Southern country, abandoned by their owners, who have fled from the desolation they created by their ruinous system of culture—or rather want of system—for culture implies care, instead of waste and destruction. Or, if some of these tenants of those princely mansions, still occupy the homes of their ancestors, they can say, as Robinson Crusoe in his desert Island, "I am monarch of all I survey"—a Baron in the midst of a barren and gullied Territory. This is no picture of the fancy, as the sad reality of some sections of our Southern country amply testify. We have destroyed more land, we will venture to say, in the short period of our country's settlement, than any other people on the face of the globe. The finest portion of the South has fallen a victim to our ruthless ravages. If we go on in the same ratio of destruction for the next half century, the whole country will be ruined and depopulated, and the fate of the South will be sealed forever. The great staple which has given us so much importance in the world, and which might have given us so much wealth and power, will have proved a curse instead of a blessing, because it has been raised at the immense price of the ruin of the whole country. And if to this be added the fearful fact that the whole world is arrayed against us in opposition to slavery, with the ruin of the whole country consummated by our own hands, our prospects, as a people, are indeed dark and gloomy. In the defence of our institutions, we have displayed a becoming and manly spirit, and we trust our determination on that subject is unalterably fixed to resist every encroachment or infringement on our rights, whether inflicted under the misguided zeal of fanaticism, or under the more bold and avowed opposition of legislation. On this subject we know it is needless to arouse the South—we are sufficiently alive to the impending foreign danger; but we remain in the most slothful and culpable apathy in regard to the desolation and ruin that surrounds us at home. If we are not doomed to fall before the combined opposition of the world, we will cut our own throats by a system of agriculture as disgraceful as it has been ruinous.

One would suppose from our wasteful and improvident treatment of our lands that we were tenants at will. Even tenants in other countries take more pains and expend more labor and capital in the improvement of the lands, than we who possess a permanent, fee-simple estate in it. There the idea of wearing out land is not known. It is improved under constant culture. In some of the countries of Europe and China, lands have been in cultivation for thousands of years in succession, and are now more productive than when originally cleared. How different has been our experience, and how striking the contrast.

It is more in sorrow than a disposition to find fault or unnecessarily expose, that we thus allude to the ruinous and destructive practice of Southern agriculture. We would that we had a more pleasant and delightful theme to dwell on. When will our farmers and planters profit by the melancholy experience of the past and instead of converting our fine country into a desolated wilderness, make it "blossom like the rose?" When shall we be aroused from the danger and destruction that awaits us? Now, if ever. Already half our lands are worn out, and we, of the present generation, like our unwise progenitors, will be obliged to flee from the country or *save the* country. We say let us save the country if we can. Who will come to the rescue? We promise to continue our feeble efforts through the columns of the Farmer and Planter.—With us it will be a labor of love, and shall engage all our powers. But we need help, and we hope our calls will be responded to from the seacoast to the mountains. If we could procure a *full* and able corps of contributors as we now have in part, our paper could claim to be one of original communications—one in which the agricultural mind and talent of the State would be embodied and made a vehicle for the advancement and improvement of our profession. The present is a most favorable opportunity for commencing agricultural reform.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Our cause, which has been too long and most shamefully neglected, has received a new impetus by the establishment of the State Agricultural Society, and by the very handsome and creditable exhibition which lately came off at their annual Fair. The friends of agricultural improvement are greatly encouraged by these favorable auspices. Gentlemen of the first character and influence have embarked in this noble enterprise. Every consideration of patriotism—of interest and of State pride, is involved in the effort, and can not fail of success. We shall commence the new year with bright hopes for the future—may the close of it find us advanced at least a half century in progess and improvement.

Col. A. P. Calhoun's Address.

We take great pleasure in presenting the address delivered by Col. Calhoun before the State Agrienltural Society at their late annual meeting. We make no apology for occupying so much of our paper by its publication, for we are confident we could offer nothing more interesting nor instructive to our readers. We almost hesitate to give full expression to our admiration of this eloquent address, for fear it may be attributed to the fascination of the name he bears, and the reverence that name inspires in the heart of every South Carolinian? But although we believe the full mantle of the father has not descended on the son, we feel proud in enrolling such a name and such a mind among the farmers of our State. It is a proof that our

profession has intellect enough among its members to redeem it from the degraded condition in which our improvident and ruinous habits have reduced it, and energy to commence and carry out the reform it so much needs Col. CALHOUN practices what he preaches. It has been our privilege and pleasure to visit his farm at Fort Hill frequently. The teeming abundance of his barns and granaries, and the liberal hospitality which he dispenses, is a proof of his success and zeal in the cause. It has been his pride to keep up the late residence of our distinguished Statesman, in the same fine condition which his lamented father left it. We know of no farm in the State that reflects more credit on the proprietor, nor any one who could fill the Presidency of the State Agricultural Society with more dignity and efficiency.

Weeds.---Continued.

We will suspend our remaining article on weeds till some future number, in hopes to attract more attention to this important subject. We consider them as a vile blot on Southern agriculture, and a disgrace that they are tolerated in our system of farming. In this respect we form an exception to every other country.

We would like to have the subject taken up by some of our correspondents, and if they differ from us, we invite controversy. We will even take the liberty to call out some of our old contributors either to join issue with us, or confirm our position. We intend to carry on a war of extermination against weeds till they are entirely eradicated from Southern agriculture. If we succeed, we will think we shall have accomplished a great good for our country, and lived for some purpose. But we don't want all the credit, nor all the labor. Who will enlist in this warfare, or by giving aid to the enemy prove traitors to the best interest of Southern agriculture?

We call on "Broomsedge" with his keen, caustic pen, with his lance always ready to be directed against error. His namesake is a great enemy to weeds, and if we can't get rid of them in any other way, we would even suffer the land to be occupied by this grass, which we regard almost as great an evil as weeds (no reflections, friend "Pry"). But there is no necessity to adopt this alternative, as we shall endeavor to show in our next article.

We call, also, on the knight of the Chinquepin Ridge. We know that he is too good a Botanist, and too well acquainted with the habitude of weeds, and the practice of other countries in relation to them, to regard them favorably. We formerly received his communications, and will again gladly welcome him to our paper. We are almost sure he will join the right side, which, we think, is *our* side.

Next in the list—because he broke a lance with the two former knights on another subject—is *Paul Pry*. He sent us in word he would attack our articles and come out in favor of weeds. We accept the challenge, and let the right prevail. There is nothing like controversy to elicit truth.

We call, also, on "Laureus," and "Pendleton," with others of our much esteemed contributors. We claim them all as old acquaintances, who were formerly wont to send up their monthly communications.—We would like to hear from them again. We send them all our new year's greeting, and invite them to our columns. And are there no new hands "at the bellows," that can be induced to labor in this noble calling? The winds purify the atmosphere, and the flint will elicit sparks from the hardest steel; and so mind acting on mind will break up the stagnant pools of ignorance and of apathy, and draw out the latent quality of truth that lay hid in the rubbish of ages. We need all the help we can get to rescue Southern agriculture and our beautiful country from the ruin that impends it. We need to be disenthralled from these confirmed habits of destruction—the continued system of wearing out our lands, and begin to adopt some permanent plan of improvement. To all who are disposed to labor in this good cause, we freely offer our columns; and if they can succeed in "making two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, or eradicate a noxious weed from our land," we are told "they will be regarded as public benefactors."

Acknowledgments.

We are under obligations to the Hon. C. MASON, of the Patent Office, the Hon. A. P. BUTLER, and to the Hon. J. J. EVANS, for Patent Office Reports, &c., &c. Thank you, our esteemed friends, most sincerely for your kind favors. Our absence from home now for a month, will, we hope, excuse other acknowledgments due for favors during our absence. With the rubbish thrown into our sanctum during our absence, we find some most welcome exchanges offered, which we most cordially accept, having become acquainted with the Editors during our stay at Columbia, to wit: The "Daily Carolina Times," whose polite and gentlemanly Editor, we had the pleasure oftentimes to meet in our rambles over town. We also have the "Charleston Courier," from our friend YEADON, the life and spice of the House of Representatives. May he ever be present when we are there, for really with hard work and poor pay, without such spirits in the House,

> "I'd sooner be torn asunder,
> Or hear L——tt pump fourpence thunder,
> Be rent in pieces by a harrow,
> Or snored to death by S——tt or F——ow."

We have also received from the Editor of the "Albany Cultivator," a present. "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac for 1857, containing practical suggestions for the farm and horticulturist, &c., &c. Price 25 cts. per copy. The Editor will please send us ten copies for 1857, and one copy each 1855, '56.—FARMER AND PLANTER.

Our Advertising Sheet.

That we may not encroach on the pages of the Farmer and Planter proper, we have enlarged our advertising sheet to four additional pages, which we hope to have well filled through the year, as our paper is, an

doubtedly the cheapest advertising medium in the State. We call the especial attention of our readers to our new advertisements in Columbia and elsewhere. If you want anything in the Carpeting or Fancy Dry Goods line, be sure to call on Messrs. HOXIE & GOODWIN. If anything in the Hardware or Grocery line, then don't fail to try Messrs. ALLEN & DIAL. In the Grocery line, although we have not their advertisements yet, we would recommend our old friend, O'LEARY, recently from Anderson; also, his next door neighbor, Mr. FRANK, and on the opposite side, Messrs. SIMS & FRIDAY, and MULLER & SENN. During our stay in Columbia, we done ourself the pleasure at all convenient times, to call on these gentlemen and traded more or less with them, and we take pleasure in recommending them to a *full* share of patronage. If anything in the Seeds line is wanted, don't forget to call on Mr. THOS. LEARMONT, whose notice of Turnip Seed will be found in this number; or on JAS. M. THORBURN & Co., New York, whose advertisement see. Every land owner in the country should have an orchard of good fruit, for it is as easy to raise good fruit as bad. Then to be certain you are procuring such, apply to our friends, FENTRESS, SUMMER & REDMOND, and fear no imposition. We shall speak of other advertisements in our next number, as further remarks are crowded out of this.

Pendleton Female Academy.

Any of our readers who may desire to send their daughters or wards to one of the best schools in the State, located in a section that boast of health, society, &c., &c., not surpassed by any other village and vicinity, will please turn to the notice of our Trustees, which will be found on another page. Miss JEBB is no untried teacher; she has had charge of our school now for years, and has given, so far as we are informed, general satisfaction to her employers, not one of whom, we believe, but would take great pleasure in recommending her to their friends abroad. Give us a trial, and if you are not pleased, then draw on us for the Farmer and Planter one year free of charge.

Proceedings of the Pendleton Farmers' Society

PENDLETON, FARMERS' HALL,
October 9th, 1856.

The Society met this day, and was called to order by the President.

Members present: R. F. Simpson, President; George Seaborn, R. A. Maxwell, sen., A. P. Calhoun, Dr. H. C. Miller, J. W. Crawford and Carver Randell.

The Secretary and Treasurer being absent, Carver Randell was on motion appointed Secretary pro. tem.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion of Maj. Seaborn, it was resolved, that a Committee be appointed by the President to award premiums to each of the following objects, viz:

Domestic Manufactures, Products of the Dairy and Vegetable Garden, Needle Work, Fruit and Flowers, Discretionary.

The Committees heretofore appointed, were called upon for their reports on the various subjects submitted to them; whereupon, Mr. R. A. Maxwell, sen., Chairman of the Committee on Horticulture and Pomology, and Dr. H. C. Miller, Chairman of the Committee on the culture of the Cow-pea, read their reports.

On motion, it was resolved, that the above reports be accepted and adopted, and a copy of each be handed over to the Farmer and Planter for publication.

The other Committees not being ready to report, it was, on motion, resolved, that a longer time be granted them for the preparation of their reports.

On motion of R. A. Maxwell, sen., it was resolved, that this Society, through its President, appoint ten delegates to the State Agricultural Society at its annual meeting in Columbia.

The Society proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The following members were elected viz:

R. F. SIMPSON, President.
GEO. SEABORN, V. P., Cor. Sec, & Lib.
CARVER RANDELL Sec'y and Treas.

On motion of Col. A. P. Calhoun, it was resolved that the Constitution and By-laws of this Society, now in manuscript, be published in pamphlet form, by the Farmer and Planter.

The Society having no further business, adjourned to meet to-morrow at eleven o'clock, A. M.

CARVER RANDELL, Sec. & Treas.

PENDLETON, FARMERS' HALL, Oct. 10th, 1856.

The Society met according to adjournment, and was called to order by the President.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and offered.

The President announced the Committees to examine and report on the various animals and articles offered for exhibition.

On motion of Maj. Seaborn, it was resolved that the Executive Committee of this Society be requested to take into consideration the propriety of changing the basement story of the Farmers' Hall, so as to convert it into storerooms, in place of the present unproductive offices, and to report to the Society at its next stated meeting.

Maj. Seaborn proposed F. M. Glenn and E. M. Cobb; and Col. Hayne proposed W. Boggs and R. C. Richey, as members of this Society.

The rules being suspended, the above named gentlemen were unanimously received.

The Society adjourned until two oclock.

2. O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Society met according to adjournment, and was called to order by the President.

Mr. A. F. Lewis proposed Maj. W. R. Jones, as a member of this Society.

The rules being suspended, Maj. Jones was unanimously received.

The Committees to award premiums being called on to report, submitted as follows:

The Committee on the best Threshing Machine, Wheat Fan and Screen, &c., report that they award the premium to Maj. Seaborn, for

the best Threshing Machine, and that they divide the premium between Maj. Seaborn and Col. A. P. Calhoun, for the best Wheat Fan and Screen.

JOHN OWENS, Chairman.

The Committee on the largest and best collection of Agricultural Implements, report that there was no collections of such instruments for their examination; but they recommend that a premium of three dollars be awarded to Col. A. P. Calhoun, for the best Reaping Machine, which was agreed to.

WM. SLOAN, Chairman.

The Committee on Domestic Manufactures report, that they have examined several specimens, and award to Mrs. R. A. Maxwell, for two Counterpanes of superior manufacture, $1.00; also to the same lady, for a piece of rag Carpeting, $1.00; and to Mrs. A Boggs, for a piece of Jeans—cotton and wool mixed—$1.00.

H. C. MILLER, Chairman.

The Committee on needle work of all kinds, report, that they award the premiums as follows:

To Miss M. M. Simpson, for a Parasol.

" Mrs J. C. Calhoun, Jr., for Silk Caps with Crape trimmings.

To Miss Lizzie Maxwell, for a Quilt.

" Miss F. Adams, for a Net Work, tidy.

" Mrs. R. E. Cobb, a Lady's Collar.

The Committee regret that the financial condition of the Society is such, that they could not award higher premiums for these elegant specimens of skill and ingenuity with the needle.

WILLIAM VANWYCK, Chairman.

The Committee on Horses, Jacks, Mules, &c., report, that they award the premiums as follows:

To R. A. Maxwell, Sen., for the best Stallion.

" J. B. Earle, for the best Mare.

" B. J. Maxwell, for the best Jack, raised near Pendleton.

To E. M. Cobb, for the best Jennett, raised near Pendleton.

To E. M. Cobb, Imported Jack.

" Robt. Richey, for the best Mule.

The Committee also report, that Wm. Boggs, B. J. Earle and Simmons, each, presented for exhibition fine Stallions; and W. Martin, a fine Mule, six and a half months old.

F. N. GARVIN, Chairman.

The Committee on Cattle report, that they award the premiums as follows:

To Col. A. P. Calhoun, for a Bull of the Brahmin stock—fifteen months old—very large and handsome.

To B. F. Sloan, for a Yoke of Oxen—very large.

To S. E. Maxwell, for the best Cow.

The Committee report that Maj. Simpson exhibited a very fine, thorough-bred Durham Bull, and that several other gentlemen exhibited fine stock.

JOHN MAXWELL, Chairman.

The Committee on Boars, Sows, Rams, Ewes, &c., report, that Dr. H. C. Miller, and Mr. J. W. Crawford, each, exhibited a fine Chester County Boar, and Col. Hayne exhibited a Suffolk Boar—all three, they think, are deserving a premium. They, therefore, award a premium of $1.00 to each of the above named gentlemen. No Sows, Rams or Ewes were exhibited.

W. R. CALHOUN, Chairman.

The Discretionary Committee on Fruits, &c., report, (not received—Ed.)

On motion of Maj. Seaborn, it was resolved, that hereafter the ladies of Pendleton and vicinity be invited to furnish a Picnic at the anniversary meetings of this Society, and charge for admission to the same, 50 cents—the funds accruing to be appropriated to premiums of their own handiwork: and further, that the President appoint a Committee of four to arrange with the ladies for the Picnic, and superintend the same.

The President appointed on the above Committee the following gentlemen, viz:

W. H. D. Gaillard, W. A. Hayne, E. M. Cobb, and A. P. Calhoun.

On motion the Society adjourned to meet on the second Thursday in January next, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

CARVER RANDELL, Sec'y & Treas.

The Delegates appointed to attend the State Agricultural Society are the following, viz:

Genl. F. N. Garvin, Dr. H. C. Miller, Dr. W. L. Jenkins, Willis Robinson, W. R. Calhoun, W. H. D. Gaillard, Carver Randell, W. R. Jones, E. M. Cobb, J. N. Barton.

Hill Side Ditching—Horizontalizing Land.

The following very plain rules for hill side ditching, &c., we take from the September No. of the "Southern Cultivator." Having the judgment to select the proper locality for each ditch, it seems to us that none can go amiss in attempting to follow Mr. Harmon's directions. The level is as simple as can be made, and we believe, upon the whole, the most practicable.—Ed. F. & P.

EDITORS SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR—As requested by you and promised by me, I now, after some delay, attempt to give you in detail, my system of hill side ditching and horizontal culture. And by the expression "my system," &c., I do not wish to be understood as claiming originality, for I confess, with much pleasure, that I have studied with much care, the various systems as given in Southern agricultural journals, and have by practical experiment, demonstrated the value of the most of them. And my study and practice has settled me in the conviction that the system I now practice is the most to be relied on in the Southern States.

Than hill side ditching and horizontal culture there is no subject of graver importance to the Southern Agriculturist. To keep land from washing, should and must be the first step towards improvement, and so far as I know, this fact is acknowledged by every body. But the question in the minds of many seems to be, can it be done? And the fact is to be regreted, but is nevertheless true, that many of us, instead of experimenting on this subject, and convincing ourselves and the agriculturist whether or not the hills of the South may be saved and thus benefit our race, we notice with a sceptic's eye

the labor of others and not unfrequently express our doubts as to the utility of the operation.

And if it is conceded by all, which is certainly the case, that the hills of the South can alone be reclaimed by keeping the soil where nature's God placed it, it follows that every system which promises, to any extent, that result, should receive the most respectful attention.

I despise from my heart of hearts, the disposition that seems to be inherent in the very nature of some folks, which prompts them to conjure up difficulties and cast them in the way of every improvement. They do not intend to make any improvement themselves, and they glory in ridiculing the man that does. They had rather be on earth and cry "humbug," than to be in Heaven and cry "holy art Thou," &c.

But apart from this unpleasant consideration:

To give a correct idea of my system of ditching and horizontal culture, I shall have to do that which has been often done, namely: give a description of the implement with which the work is performed. I use the rafter level, with a spirit level attached and it is graded in the following way: When made, it should spread 12 feet and be placed on a level floor, then mark across the centre of the bubble in the spirit level, then reverse the compass, or rafter level, and mark again as before. The centre between these marks gives the dead level. You will then move the compass, until the bubble stands at the centre, and on a level, then place an inch block under one end of the compass, and make a mark across the phial at the end of the bubble next to the centre, then raise another inch and raise as before, and so on, until you raise 3 inches tall.

Then get a basket of 4 inch pins and you are ready for the field.

Before you commence ditching take a general survey of the ground you intend to ditch, and determine in your mind as near as may be, the distance the ditches should be apart, &c.

Then place your compass near the top of the hill where your land commences to wash, and move the front end until the end of the bubble falls to the two inch mark, and make the boy with his basket or sack of pins drive down a pin at each end of the compass. Then move the hind end where the front end was, and move the front end until the bubble rises to the 2 inch mark again and drive down a pin as before, and so on until your ditch is located. After which take a 2 horse plow and throw a furrow slice down hill, plowing up the pins, and repeat the plowing 3 or 4 times and clean out with hoes. The ditch should be about 2 feet wide, and sloped downwards to the upper bank so that the water may have a hard bank to run against below, and thus lessen the chances of breaking over, &c.

The distance of the 2nd ditch from the first, must be determined by the aparatus. No definite rule can be given as that will depend upon the declivity of the hill and the volume of water to be conveyed out of the field. It should be close enough, however, to catch the water that falls below the upper ditch before it accumulates enough to wash, and so with all the other ditches.

After the field is thus ditched lay off guide rows—1 or 2 between each ditch, and perfectly level. These guide rows will cross the ditches about half ways out. Your guide rows all laid off, you will then bring 4 good plowmen in the field, with a good steady mule or horse each. If your rows are to be 4 feet apart, tie a light pole 8 feet long to the bits of the bridal of one of the mules, and make a boy walk *parallel* to the mule in the upper guide row and a plow behind throwing out, which makes your *rows precisely 4 feet wide*. The other two plowmen commence on the *upper* side of the second guide row, with a pole and boy as the other and they thus lay off until they meet at some point between the guide rows, and then fill out on the levelest line. We commence, then, between the next two guide rows and lay off as before, and so on until the whole field is laid off.

The above is my simple plan of ditching and horizontalizing by which I have stopped the progress of many a gully, and made the red hill to rejoice with waving and luxuriant crops of cotton, corn and wheat. I have full confidence in the system, for I have tried it, and what my eyes have seen that I do know.

On this place, I have ditched and horizontalized a 100 acre field in the above way, and Dr. M. W. Phillips paid me a visit the other day, and examined it and he can say whether or not I have saved that field.

Land ditched and horizontalized in the way described, *can be saved*. The water stands on the ground in a solid sheet, until the water furrow is full, and then it falls gently into the one below and the ditch stands ready to catch it before it accumulates enough to wash.

I have now done, and if anybody has a better plan let them give it, and we shall be obliged. Good night. Yours &c.,

G. D. Hammon.

Utica, Miss., July, 1856.

Protection of Seed Corn.

A knowing one says: Fearing that some farmers may loose their seed, by soaking, tarring, plastering, or otherwise injuring their seed, I will offer some of my experience.

After trying experiments of every description that I could read, or think of, in preparing seed to forward the growth, prevent the destruction, or increase the quantity of corn, for eight years, in which I have cultivated from twenty to fifty acres of corn per year—I have come to the conclusion that the most *sure* way to have the seed "*come up*," and do well, is first to manure and prepare the ground well—plant good seed, clean as it came from the cob. This never fails with me; all variations from this have failed under different circumstances.

To prevent the seed from being destroyed by hens.—The pig, with a full belly, will never root around: the hen, with a full crop, will not scratch the ground. Therefore,—when my hens are disposed to *scratch*, I call them up to the barn, and give them as much corn as they will

cut. for which they always sing to me a merry tune, and lay a whole hat full of eggs.

To prevent crows from pulling corn.—I scatter corn in the field broad-cast, which they feed upon and leave the seed. If I have too much company by my liberality, I soak the corn in strychnia and hot water. Last Spring, after scattering half a bushel of corn soaked in this way, I picked up forty-two dead crows, and how many more went off feeling "kind o' sick," I am not able to state.

Wire and grub worms are more difficult customers to deal with—for any poison used for their destruction, is always absorbed by the soil, which is a sure protection to them. I have never found a sure remedy for these pests: and can only secure my seed by planting enough for their wants and mine too, and if they get more than their share, I plant new hills a few inches from the old ones thus destroyed, and "thin out," at second hoeing.—*Granite Farmer.*

Ladies' Department.

For the Farmer and Planter.

A Note from "Mattie."

Mr. Editor:—I did not expect you to deviate from your established principles. My communication was sent by hand, and I expected my name to be given verbally, and you not being at home at the time it was not given. I should have let you heard from me sooner, but not receiving the November number until a few days ago, from some cause unknown to me, I did not know whether my communication had been received. Being a farmer's wife, I always feel anxious to get each number as soon as the time comes for it to appear. And as you have given so much encouragement to the ladies to write for the Farmer and Planter, and devoted a special part for them, I think they ought to make an effort to occupy it whenever there is room, and if there is any improvement that can be made in our domestic arrangements, why not make an effort to avail ourselves of all the improvements we can get. Nancy writes quite to my notion about what is our duty in regulating our affairs according to our husbands' means, and take the best possible care of what he provides. There is an old but true saying, that a woman can throw out of the window with a teaspoon faster than a man can throw in at the door with a half bushel. And it must be hard work for mind and body too, if they spend much of their time in making or receiving fashionable calls. Now I like to receive friendly visitors, that come for the sake of the visit, pass the usual salutations, take out her sewing or knitting, chat away and be at ease, think nothing strange of taking a plain family dinner or supper. It does me good to receive such visitors, I feel more cheerful afterwards, and then we know our visitors care more for us, than if they had come to make a personal show.—And when young gentlemen call to see young ladies, why is it that they appear as though they never had any work to do? sensible gentlemen like to see ladies making themselves useful. They see and feel then that they are not mere parlor ornaments. They can see that they are not entirely dependant on a mantuamaker, or that they will rely on a taylor for the supply of their wardrobe. Industry is food for the mind and health to the body, and is indispensibly necessary in a well regulated family. I will close lest I weary your patience. If you think any part of my communications worth giving to your readers they are at your disposal.

Mattie

Pickens Dist., S. C., Dec., '56.

Recipe for Curing Bacon, &c.

The following recipe for saving meat, &c., should have appeared in a former number had the proper name of the writer been delivered with the communication—a rule which our respected fair correspondent, "Mattie," had tried to comply with, but failed for the reasons explained in her note preceding. We have it now, however, and make one of our politest bows to "Mattie" for her favor, and respectfully ask a continuance of such to our future numbers.

Mr. Editor:—As some have already given you recipes for curing bacon, and seem so confident that their method is the best, and have tried it so long, it looks almost like presumption for me of only a short experience, to offer a different plan; but as I like my mode better, I will give it for friend Lucy's benefit, as she does not pride herself on long experience. I send you a recipe, also; if they are worthy of a place in your journal, you can give them to your readers.

We kill in dry, frosty weather, if possible; cut it up as smoothe as it can well be done, sprinkle with salt while warm, spread thin to cool all night, and pack down in a box or hogshead; next morning rub the skin side well with salt, and pack down the hams first with as much

salt (pure salt), as will lie on them, shoulders next, and middlings on top, lightly salted, ribs taken out—cover closely to keep out the flies. We let it lie in the salt four weeks, in moderate weather, if freezing six or seven will not hurt. Then raise it in cold windy weather, wash clean in warm water and hang it up to dry, the hock up, as it will crack less, and the rats cannot work on it so easily. In February or by the first of March, when the meat is wet with moisture caused by damp weather, rub the flesh side of the hams and shoulders with finely ground black pepper, fill up all the crevices well so that the bug or skipper fly will have no place to deposit their eggs; hang it up again so that it will not touch. In summer, if it should become mouldy, or the fly deposit eggs on it take it down wash clean and rub with pepper as at first. Rubbing with pepper is not original with us—don't know where we got the idea. We never put any smoke under our meat, as it is much better and sweeter without. When it is washed clean and hung up in cold, dry windy weather, it will soon dry and look clean and white. As to sacking, I never have tried it myself, but have seen it tried by others, who lost a great deal of labor, and hams too; so I have profited by their experience. We have no model meat house as yet, but keep a cat, and never have lost much by rats.

Truly yours, MATTIE.

P. S.—Perhaps some of your readers, like myself, have suffered from a bealing jaw or breast. I will give you a simple remedy. Take a parsley root, the size of your little finger, beat fine on a cloth, moisten with warm sweet milk and apply it to the rising. If the first application does not give relief, renew it in a few hours.

M.

From the Country Gentleman.

Washing Clothes.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I noticed in the Country Gentleman of June 5th, an inquiry about washing clothes and washing-machines. I have never used any machine but the primitive one, which I suppose, has been in use ever since clothes were washed; so I cannot speak from experience about other machines. But I have used for several years a washing fluid, which very much lessens the labor of washing, without injuring the clothes in the least. It is made as follows: Take, for one gallon of water, one pound of washing soda, and a quarter of a pound of unslaked lime. Put them in the water, and simmer twenty minutes. When cool, pour off the clear fluid into glass or stone ware; (it will ruin earthenware; causing it to crack and peel until it falls to pieces.) If the clothes are very dirty, put them in soak over night; wring them out in the morning; soap them, and put them into the wash kettle, with enough water to cover them To a common sized kettle or boiler full, put a tea-cup-full of fluid. Boil half an hour, then wash well through one suds, and rinse thoroughly in two waters.—Those careful housewives, who have always washed their clothes twice, then boiled them, and then wash them again, will think this a very superficial way of washing; but I know from experience, that my clothes not only wash easier, but look better, and last fully as long, as when I wash in the old way.

This fluid is very good for cleaning paint. A very little put in the water will remove grease or fly stain, much better than soap. Too much of it will remove the paint also.

S. S. SCOWELL.

Shiloh, N. J.

To Kill Cockroaches.—Mix equal quantities of red lead and Indian meal with molasses, making it about the consistency of paste. It is known to be a certain exterminator of roaches. A friend who was troubled with thousands upon thousands of them rid his house of them in a very few nights by this mixture. Put it upon plates and set it where the vermin are thickest, and they will soon help themselves. Be careful not to have any article of food near by where you set the mixture.

A young lady says—"When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my warbrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." A pretty home-thrust—wonder how many that cap fits.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.